

# New-York

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## MURDERED ON AN EXCURSION.

FIGHTING FOR HOURS ON A BARGE.

A BRUTAL SUNDAY EXHIBITION IN THE RAY—  
WHERE WERE THE POLICE?

The employes of the Empire Steam Laundry, at Nos. 116, 118 and 122 West Houston-st., had their first annual excursion yesterday. The preparations were in keeping with the belief of its participants as to what a first-class excursion ought to be. A gilt-edged order of dancing was printed, which contained the names of thirty dances, beginning with "Jolly Boys" and winding up with "Home, Sweet Home." Professor Olvany was engaged to furnish the music, and ample fun was promised.

The barge William H. Morton was chartered to convey the pleasure-seekers to Linden Grove, on the New-Jersey coast. She left her moorings at the foot of West Thirteenth-st. at 11 o'clock yesterday morning with nearly 800 people on board. They were of all ages and both sexes. The majority, however, were young men between fifteen and twenty-five. The barge was in charge of Captain Thomas Gibbons. The tug boat Mary Clinton started down the North River, drawing the barge after her, while for a short time the strains of Professor Olvany's band floated across the water, and the upper deck of the barge was alive with dancers, whirling in the waltz. This state of affairs on the upper deck continued for some time. The barge made a landing at Morris-st., Jersey City, and about 30 young men went on board. Then the lines were cast off and the voyage was resumed to Linden Grove. It was now about noon and the air was comfortably warm. On the lower deck was the bar of Henry Casener, and the lunch counter kept by Henry Kopf and his three sons. A crowd of young men gathered around the bar and demanded drinks. The beer was handed over to them and, for the first round or two, it was paid for. Finally the drinkers refused to pay and Casener refused to give them their liquor. They grew surly, and about fifty went to the lunch counter at the other end of the barge. About one hundred remained around the bar, smoking cigars and halfemptied kegs of beer, and becoming drunk by slow degrees.

KNOCKED DOWN AND BRUTALLY BEATEN.

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SUSPECTED OF BEING THE MURDERER.

The Staten Island police last evening arrested in New-Brighton John Behan, of No. 272 Second-st., Williamsburg, and locked him up, charged with being the murderer of Kopf. It was learned that Behan in some manner secured a rowboat and leaving the Morton he landed at Port Richmond.

ST. JOHN'S SUPPORT IN RHODE ISLAND.

A STATE CONVENTION TO BE HELD—THE OTHER CANDIDATES.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 31.—There are many temperament men in this state. The Buffalo social scene was away at all thoughts of Cleveland, and Butler is not worth their notice. These men turn naturalists to St. John and are taking measures to give him a hearty support for President.

MURDERED FOR A FEW DOLLARS.

THE MYSTERY THAT HAS AROUSED A QUIET OHIO TOWN.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 31.—The Buffalo social scene was away at all thoughts of Cleveland, and Butler is not worth their notice. These men turn naturalists to St. John and are taking measures to give him a hearty support for President.

DISAPPOINTMENT OVER THE USE OF STEEL.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

WHEELING, Aug. 31.—The relations between the owners of the iron mills in this district, about twenty in number, and their workmen have been somewhat strained for some time, and may now be said to have reached a crisis. The principal difficulty arises from the substitution of steel for iron in making nails and sheet. Recently 200 men in the furnace department of L. & B.'s mill, in this city, were summarily discharged. Prior to that time forty puddlers were discharged from the River-side Mill. Both of these mills make nails. Yesterday the Elm Sheet Iron Works, at Elmira, across the river, discharged twenty puddlers and their assistants, about sixty in all.

TRROUBLE IN WHEELING IRON MILLS.

DISSATISFACTION OF NAIL MAKERS OVER THE USE OF STEEL.

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THE WORDS WERE SCARCELY OUT OF HIS MOUTH WHEN A BEER GLASS WAS HURLED AT HIM WHICH STRUCK HIM FULL IN THE STOMACH. KOPF, WHO IS FIFTY YEARS OLD, AND OF STOUT BUILD, FELL TO THE FLOOR OF THE BARGE DOUBLED UP IN A HEAP. HIS FATE WAS GREETED WITH A WILD RUSH BY THE CROWD OF YOUNG RUFIANS, WHO FELL UPON THE LUNCH COUNTER, UTTERING THREATS AND CURSES, AND SHOVED IT DOWN IN A PILE ON TOP OF THE PROSTRATE BODY OF KOPF. HIS THREE SONS, GEORGE, FREDERICK AND CHRISTOPHER, ALL OF WHOM ARE MORE LADS, WITH MAX RICHTER, AN ASSISTANT, WERE KNOCKED DOWN AND TRAMPLED UPON. PLATES WERE SHATTERED, THE CONTENTS OF THE CASH BOX STOLEN AND THE PIES AND SANDWICHES EATEN.

ONE OF THE MORE SOBER IN THE CROWD THREW THE DEBRIS OFF THE CATHER, AND FINDING THAT HE COULD NOT RISE PICKED HIM UP AND THREW HIM INTO THE LITTLE CABIN NEAR BY. KOPF WAS UNCONSCIOUS. BLOOD WAS FLOWING FROM A SMALL CUT OVER THE LEFT EYE AND HIS RIGHT EYE WAS GREATLY BRUISED.

AS THEY WERE MOVING THE INANIMATE MAN CAPTAIN GIBBONS CAME OUT OF THE WHEEL HOUSE AND WENT INTO THE CABIN. HE FOUGHT KOPF'S PULSE AND FOUND IT BEATING FEAKILY. WHILE HE WAS HOLDING IT IT CEASED TO BEAT Altogether, Gibbons immediately went forward and made signs to Ambrose Jaynes, who was in command of the tug, to start back to New-York, as there had been a murder committed on board. The prow of the Mary Clinton was promptly turned around and she was soon towing the barge back, through the Kills on her return voyage. The flags on the vessel were all turned Union down and flown at half-mast.

THE FIGHTING ON THE LOWER DECK WHEN THE NEWS SPREAD THROUGH THE BARGE THAT "A MAN HAD BEEN LAID OUT" INSTEAD OF CEASING BEGAN TO RUMBLE WITH REMEXED FURY. BEER-Glasses WERE HURLED, KNIVES WERE USED, FISTS AND STICKS WERE BROUGHT INTO PLAY, THE BAR WAS SENZED AND THE BEER-KEGS WERE EMPTIED OF THEIR CONTENTS AND THROWN OVERBOARD. THE SCENE WAS A PERIOD OF PANDEMOMIUM.

INDIFFERENCE OF THE POLICE.

WHEN THE BARGE WAS OPPOSITE ELM PARK, ON STATION ISLAND, CAPTAIN GIBBONS STOPPED HER LONG ENOUGH TO SEND A SMALL BOAT ABOARD WITH A MAN BEARING A MESSAGE FOR THE POLICE BOAT PATROL. THE MAN DELIVERED THE MESSAGE AND INFORMED THE STATION ISLAND POLICE OF THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE BARGE. THE STATION ISLAND POLICE CONCERNED THEMSELVES WITH SENDING A TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN THIS CITY. THE PATROL WAS LYING AT YONKERS, AS HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK. HE TOLD THEM THAT A MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED ON BOARD. THE PROW OF THE MARY CLINTON WAS PROMPTLY TURNED AROUND AND SHE WAS SOON TOWING THE BARGE BACK, THROUGH THE KILLS ON HER RETURN VOYAGE. THE FLAGS ON THE VESSEL WERE ALL TURNED UNION DOWN AND FLown AT HALF-MAST.

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THE FIGHTING DID NOT SLACKEN ON THE TRIP BACK. EYE WITNESSES SAY THAT NEARLY EVERYBODY ON BOARD HAD TORN CLOTHING, BLACK EYES AND BLEEDING FACES. ABOUT TWO HUNDRED OF THE YOUNG RUFIANS THREW SIDE BY SIDE ON THE FLOOR, SITTING ON THE DECK, AND SAWED THEM. "YOU WERE AFRAID TO SIT DOWN, FOR YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MINUTE YOUR NEIGHBOR WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU A PUNCH IN THE EYE," SAID ONE WHO WAS ON BOARD. SOME OF THE WOMEN MINDED THE CHILDREN, AND THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTHERNERS, THE MEN, CANVAS FULL OF CHOCOLATE, WERE DASHED IN EACH OTHER'S FACES. THE FIGHT WAS KEPT UP FAST AND FURIOUS WHILE THE BARGE DRIFTED FOR TWENTY MINUTES OPPON WEST THIRTEENTH-ST. AT 4 O'CLOCK, WITH THE WIND AT ST. ALBANS, DUNLTON, SOUNDING A BLOW, THE PATROL WAS NOT VISIBLE, NEITHER WAS THERE A PLATOON OF POLICEMEN WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE MORTON, AS HAD BEEN EXPECTED BY CAPTAIN GIBBONS. HE RELUCTANTLY, THEREFORE, MADE THE BARGE FAST TO HER PIER. THE RUFIANS THEN FOUGHT THEIR WAY OUT TO THE PIER WHERE, AFTER A WIND-UP OF TWENTY MINUTES OF SAVAGERY, THEY DISPERSED AT THE RUMOR THAT THE POLICE WERE COMING.

PLENTY OF HELL WHEN TOO LATE.

THE POLICE HAD HEARD AT LAST OF THE RIOTING THROUg CAPTAIN GIBBONS. WHILE THE MOB WAS SCRATCHING, BITING, KICKING AND STRIKING ON THE PIER HE GOT INTO A BOAT AND ROWED ABOARD AT AN ADJOINING PIER.

"TWO WERE WORTH YOUR LIFE TO TRY TO GET THROUGH THE CROWD ON THE PIER," HE SAID TO A TRIBUNE REPORTER.

WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE PIER, HE TALKED TO A CHARLES ST. CLAIR, WHO WAS THE CHIEF POLICE OFFICER.

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